

SHE POSED AS VENUS.

How Isabelle Urquhart Gave Artist Brown a Reputation.

SOME VERY AUDACIOUS EXPLOITS.

Only in Studios of Poor Artists Striving for Fame Did She Serve as a Model and Then Only for Charity's Sake—An Absent-Minded Sculptor Almost Causes Her Death—Incidents Characteristic of the Strange Life in Bohemia—Her Marriage a Loss to Art.

Washington Post.

The cables give the announcement of a marriage in London that will have unusual influence upon the art of New York. The fact that Isabelle Urquhart is now Mrs. Guy Standing does not, to the casual eye, seem to be an event of much importance except to the young lady and her husband, but to the studio guild that wedding means the permanent loss of one of the most beautiful models that ever stood beside an easel.

From this statement it is not to be inferred that the perfectly shaped creature was a professional poser. No model in this country could have earned more money than Isabelle Urquhart. A great number of her pictures, which would have been glad to pay her \$5 an hour in the studio, but Belle Urquhart was an artistic, not a mercenary beauty. She loved art for its own sake, and was fond of the society of artists. She had had particular friends among the pupils of Paris and Munich, and when she was not rehearsing at the Casino her afternoons were generally passed sitting beside somebodys easel watching him paint, relieving his loneliness by reminiscences of the stage or discussing compositions for new pictures.

She was the author of "Madder Brown's reputation. Brown was witty, handsome and poor when he finished his training in Rome's atelier and returned to New York to make a living. He rented a little studio in a cheap building and devoted his brushes to everything and anything from signs to campaign banners in order to earn enough money to pay expenses. His only tangible possession of any value was a dress suit, which he put on every evening before going out to dine at a modest Italian table d'hôte. This extravagance of garb was remonstrated against by his chum, Meglip, who had no dress suit, and who strenuously objected to a man eating a 50-cent dinner in the costume of Delmonico's. But Mr. Brown insisted that his fine clothes in the evening enabled him to forget the vicissitudes he had endured during the day, and continued to dress as carefully every afternoon as if he were an expected guest of the Vanderbilts.

One night Miss Urquhart, who had the tastes of a gourmet, as well as the soul of an artist, decided to partake of the spaghetti, for which this Italian restaurant was then famed. Accompanied by a party of friends, she drove down to the sixth avenue place and enjoyed the dinner. During its progress she observed among the crowd of long-haired musicians, seedy authors, and devil-may-care artists a young gentleman attired in an immaculate evening dress, which seemed absurdly incongruous amid such careless surroundings.

"Heaven save us," she cried laughingly. "He must be the banished earl of melo-drama, or an English nobleman who has lost his way to the Brevort House."

"Oh," said one of her friends, "that is Madder Brown, a young painter just home from Paris. He is always in evening dress, and they say that he has no other clothes to wear except an old velvet studio suit."

"How delightful," ejaculated the young actress, gazing admiringly at him through her lorgnette. "I want to know Madder Brown. He is an oasis in this Sahara of garlic. Bring him over."

Thereupon the artist was presented to the celebrated comic opera divinity. He was a brilliant conversationalist, and before the coffee was served Isabelle Urquhart and he were firm friends. She carried him off in her carriage and ensconced him in a box at the Casino.

Next day the gorgeous creature drove down to his studio. He hurriedly took a canvas off the easel as she entered and thrust it behind a screen.

"Come, come," the beautiful girl said imperiously, "that won't do. If we are going to be friends we must have no secrets. You saw my work at the Casino last night. I must see yours today."

Thus adjured the young artist confessed hesitatingly that he was painting a design to illustrate the virtues of a new shoe polish. It wasn't art, he said, but he needed the money.

"Money," cried Miss Urquhart, impulsively. "Here, I get a big salary and don't know what to do with it. I like you. Let me lend you a thousand and you can pay it back when you get rich."

Madder Brown was disposed to be indignant, but the actress was sincere in her kindness, and after a moment of moody silence he took her hand, kissed it, and said gratefully:

"Well, I am hard up, sure enough. But I never borrowed a sou from a woman in Paris, and I can't do it in New York. Let us be friends without any question of money. Some day I shall have better luck and shan't have to paint these things," with which he kicked the despised canvas contemptuously.

"Humph!" remarked the comic opera beauty, sharply, "you needn't put on airs, even if you do put on evening dress every night. Look here, Madder Brown, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you won't let me lend you money I'll pose for you. Come, get out a canvas, and I'll give you as many sittings as you like. They say," she added blushing, "that I have a pretty good figure, and I really think I have. What shall it be? A Venus or a Diana? We'll begin right now, so as to be finished in time for the spring academy."

The action was suited to the word, and fifteen minutes later the enthusiastic young artist was making a rapid charcoal sketch of the most perfect form that ever posed for an Aphrodite. At 5 o'clock Miss Urquhart carried the artist off to dine with her. Next morning she was down at the studio again posing. This programme was kept up for a month, until the picture was finished. It made a sensation at the academy, sold immediately for \$2,000, and established Madder Brown's reputation so firmly that he is now one of the our most prosperous painters.

The exquisite lines of this figure of Venus attracted much attention in the studio, as it did at the Academy exhibition. The now popular young painter was besieged by artists to divulge the name of his model. Madder Brown refused to tell the secret of his sitter's identity. But Isabelle Urquhart had no hesitation in displaying her pride over the success of the pictures and presently some of her other studio acquaintances discovered that the famous

Venus and the Casino beauty were one person. Immediately Miss Urquhart was the idol of the studios. Painters of high and low degree invaded her apartments at all hours of the day, offering terms quite fabulous in Bohemia for the privilege of painting the heroine of the most successful canvas of the year. Isabelle Urquhart was pleased to make the acquaintance of these gentlemen.

But she resolutely declined all their flattering offers. She was a professional actress, she declared, not a professional model. She had merely posed for Mr. Madder Brown because he was a friend, as she would probably pose for her other friends when her lines of figure would assist in the completion of their pictures.

This ultimatum caused every painter who was intimately acquainted with the actress to become an object of envy to his associates. But Miss Urquhart remained firm in resisting all outside blandishments. She was of invaluable aid to the little studio circle of which she was an honored member, but she refused to pose except for the artists whom she liked personally. Nor would she accept money for these services. There was a certain firmness in her flesh that gave it a rich, symmetrical contour of maturity conjoined to the fresh color and delicacy of maidenhood. This is so rare a quality in models that the actress could have demanded almost any terms for posing. She not only would give her services to art gratuitously, but in many instances compelled her wealthy friends to buy the pictures she had stood for.

"No," she would say, decisively, "I won't give you a signed photograph. I want you to go to Mr. Sapia's studio and pay him \$500 for a picture he has painted of me," and in every instance the request was complied with.

On one occasion, some five years ago, Isabelle Urquhart's devotion to art came near ending the young comic opera singer's career. Among her friends was a sculptor who treated her to allow him to make a cast of her form. Yielding with her usual good nature to his request she visited the studio, and in due time her body and limbs were lying swathed in a shapeless mass of plaster weighing several hundred pounds. During the drying period the sculptor bethought himself that his beautiful model would have a keen appetite after getting out of the matrix. He bade Miss Urquhart to lie perfectly still, and locking the studio door, hurried to an adjacent caterer's to order a luncheon sent up. On the way back an old print shop attracted his attention and, with the absent-mindedness natural to artists, he became immersed in a portfolio of fine engravings, and quite forgot his model, his cast, and his luncheon.

Meanwhile the pretty actress was lying helpless in his studio. At first she was amused at her novel predicament, but very soon she commenced to realize its discomforts. The mass of plaster by which she was enveloped was so heavy that she could move neither hand nor foot. She presently discovered to her alarm that one of the properties of plaster of Paris is to shrink in the process of drying. About the same time she realized appallingly that it possessed the characteristics of emitting great heat in becoming solidified. As is customary with sculptor's models for casting, the actress had been copiously greased from neck to toe with a shiny mixture of oil and tallow. The heat of the plaster, the grease, and a warm spring day, combined with the natural glow of the lovely woman's body, soon transformed the huge matrix into an oven.

Miss Urquhart was used to both Turkish and Russian baths, but at that moment she began to feel as if she was threatened with the fate prepared for Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. In addition to its fiery heat the mold commenced to shrink slowly but surely, until the plaster, which had at first fitted comfortably around every curve in her form, now tightened in a vice-like grip from which there was no escape. After half an hour of suffocation Miss Urquhart believed that the sculptor had been run over in the street, tried to scream but could not expand her lungs sufficiently to gain breath for the vocal effort, gave up all hope of rescue, and prepared to die.

It would be a better advertisement for a comic opera divinity, she thought, than any loss of diamonds, and she could already see columns in the morning papers recounting the tragic and unparalleled death of a well-known actress. But, she considered ruefully, it wouldn't do any good. Better, she muttered faintly, have life and a steady \$150 a week than posthumous fame achieved by dying slowly and horribly in a sculptor's plaster matrix. Suddenly a knock was heard at the door, and the almost unconscious young woman revived suddenly with renewed hope of rescue. Miss Urquhart tried to call out, but the great mass of plaster clutched her bosom so firmly that she could scarcely breathe. It was the water with the luncheon.

After pounding at the door for several minutes and yelling through the keyhole without hearing any response, he picked up his tray of dishes and returned to the caterer's. Overcome by the horror of losing this last chance of release, Miss Urquhart fainted. A few minutes later the sculptor returned and was terrified to find his model, as he supposed, dead. Hastily seizing a hammer and chisel he chipped off the matrix and extricated the lovely woman. The cast was irrevocably spoiled. But neither the luncheon nor the sculptor's ardent persuasions could induce Isabelle Urquhart to have another cast made of the most exquisitely beautiful form that was ever seen on the stage of America.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Rheumatism Quickly Cured.

Three days is a very short time in which to cure a bad case of rheumatism, but it can be done if the proper treatment is adopted, as will be seen by the following from James Lambert, of New Brunswick, Ill.: "I was badly afflicted with rheumatism in the hips and legs, when I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It cured me in three days. I am all right to-day, and would insist on everyone who is afflicted with that terrible disease to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm and get well at once." 50-cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Cosgrave's stock and cream ale and porter is a tonic approved by physicians.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"SHE SECURED A BARGAIN."

A Woman's Familiar Remark.

OVERHEARD AT THE DRY GOODS STORE

An Interesting Incident—A Chat Full of Interest to Women—Some Things Are Told That Are Not Generally Known—Why So Many Ladies Feel Tired and Worn Out After Visiting the Stores.

"I secured a splendid bargain."

I overheard a lady make this remark to a companion just after coming out of one of those extensive houses that conduct bargain counters. Her face was very earnest and her eyes sparkled, but I could see in the paleness, in the lines upon her face, that she had been suffering and was even then suffering. I understood that she had saved money in the purchase she had made, but I could see that she had lost the greatest of all human bargains—good health.

How many women there are to-day who are unhappy and suffering, and yet who do not fully realize why it is so. They feel weak, weary and often discouraged. They care little for food and less for exercise. Their sleep is disturbed, their minds are not at rest. They are unhappy. To all such the following experience will be interesting and valuable.



Mrs. M. A. Brensing, who resides at No. 137 W. 127th street, New York, has passed through a most wonderful experience, which should be of interest and value to all ladies. She said: "A few years ago I was suddenly seized with an illness which I could not account for. My body was in constant pain and very sensitive, so that I could not bear the contact of any but the lightest garments. I can scarcely tell of the agony that I suffered during that time. The physicians informed me that I could not possibly live, and my friends were called in to bid me farewell. I was almost in the embrace of death when my husband sent for a remedy of which he had heard and gave me a small quantity. After taking a second dose, a peaceful, restful feeling seemed to steal over me, and for the first time in several days I slept. From that time my recovery was assured. I grew gradually better until my health was fully restored, and I thank God that my life was spared through the agency of Warner's Safe Cure. It cured me, and I know that it will cure others."

Testimony that is beyond question is given by Mrs. R. F. McMurray, of St. Paul's avenue, Staten Island, N. Y., who says: "My mother, Mrs. S. A. Vanderbilt, and myself owe our health, and I almost feel our lives, to Warner's Safe Cure. I speak from a long experience. Recently I had a most severe attack of influenza, arising from a cold, and the safe cure made me feel like a new person. Other members of our family and also many friends and acquaintances, have received equal benefit and all highly recommend it."

Mrs. J. F. Beale, residing at No. 303 Lexington avenue, New York, said: "About eight years ago, I suffered from peritonitis and general kidney trouble, and in spite of the attendance of skilled physicians my ailments increased. Upon advice of some friends I began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and was cured entirely. I feel as well to-day as in my early girlhood, and it is entirely due to this great remedy. Many of my friends to whom I have recommended the safe cure have been cured by its use, and their lives prolonged and their happiness assured."

Mrs. M. M. Simmon, of Buckley, Mo., says: "My daughter, who was once the perfection of health and happiness, was for years afflicted with kidney and liver disease, complicated with scrofula, the hip joint being affected. She became so bad that the doctors wanted to amputate the hip. I would not consent to it and began administering a remedy which I had heard much about, and I am happy to say she is now cured, well and healthy by the use of Warner's Safe Cure."

Reader, the greatest bargain known to the world is good health. Do you not wish to secure and retain it?

Cholera in Pennsylvania.

Swickley, Penn.: We had an epidemic of cholera, as our physicians called it, in this place lately, and I made a great hit with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I sold four dozen bottles of it in one week and have since sold nearly a gross. This remedy did the work and was a big advertisement for me. Several persons who had been troubled with diarrhoea for two or three weeks were cured by a few doses of this medicine.

P. P. KNAPP, Th. G. 25 and 50-cent bottles for sale by G. R. Gootz, W. W. Irwin, W. S. McCullough, C. Menkemeller, S. L. Brice, J. Coleman, C. Schnepf, W. C. Armbrrecht, the Kurts Drug Co., Lincoln & Co., W. E. Williams, John Klari, A. E. Scheele, and W. H. Williams, Wheeling; Bowie & Co., Bridgeport, O., and B. F. Peabody, Benwood, W. Va.

The bustling town of Harriman, Tenn., has applied for and secured the entire space allotted to Tennessee at the World's Fair.

A Lender.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant. It is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of Stomach, Liver or Kidneys. It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c per bottle. Sold by Logan Drug Company.

In writing up a social function an Atlanta reporter remarked that "the dresses were exceedingly fresh for this season of the year."

"A GOD-SEND is Ely's Cream Balm. I had catarrh for three years. Two or three times a week my nose would bleed. I thought the sores would never heal. Your Balm has cured me."—Mrs. M. A. Jackson, Portsmouth, N. Y.

THE MISSING STEAMER.

Great Anxiety Felt by Her Owners—Her Crew and Cargo.

NEW YORK, March 2.—No news has been received from the missing White Star line steamer Naronic. The vessel is now almost ten days overdue and the company officials and friends of the crew are intensely anxious. The Naronic carries a crew of seventy-five men and has on board a general cargo of 4,000 tons, valued at many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The missing vessel has two sets of engines. In anything except an unusual upheaval of the elements she would be able to stem the seas and in the emergency of one set of her engines breaking down the other would be perfectly capable of working the ship. The wrecking of one of these sets would not injure the other as the engines are separated from each other by a strong steel bulkhead. It is possible, but not at all probable that both engines may have broken down, but to bring about a disaster of this kind an unprecedented accident would have to occur.

Revolution in Honduras.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 2.—A gentleman of this city has received a letter from Honduras bringing the information that that country is again in a state of revolution. It seems that the country has again been invaded by Policarpo Bonilla and his friends in the southern part of the republic. The first overt act of the revolutionists was directed by Gen. Manuel Bonilla who was prominent in the last revolution and was recently pardoned by the Honduran government and his life spared. General Bonilla attacked the barracks at Juticalpa in Olancha Feb. 13 and captured the entire garrison and arms. A fierce fight took place several soldiers being killed, among them the mayor of the place and one of the leading officers. President Leiva, when this information reached him, turned over the reins of the government into the hands of Gen. Rosendo Aguerro, the minister of war whose place was filled by Rafael Alvarado Auerrero.

A Strange Epidemic.

WINNIPEG, MAN., March 2.—A strange and fatal disease has visited the people of Loretto and St. Anns. Scarcely a house has escaped and forty-eight deaths have been reported up to date, the majority of them being children. It was thought at first the disease was diphtheria and then scarlet fever, but the doctors now do not seem to know what it is and can do little toward stopping it. Some who are reported to be better in the morning are dead before night.

They Never Fail.

J. N. Harris, 3 Fulton Market, New York City, says:

"I have been using BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the last fifteen years. There is nothing equal to them as Blood Purifiers and Liver Regulators. But I wish to state how remarkably they cure rheumatism, and how easily; I was affected by rheumatism in the legs. My business (wholesale fish dealer) naturally leads me to damp places. I could not walk, and at night I suffered fearfully. I tried Balsams, Sarsaparillas and all kinds of tinctures, but they did me no good and I was afraid of being a cripple. I finally commenced using BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took two every night for ten nights, then I began to improve. I continued taking them for forty days and I got entirely well. Now, whenever sick, I take BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They never fail."

Dr. J. H. Cordon, pastor of the Methodist church at Oxford, N. C., died of lockjaw Wednesday after having stuck a nail in his foot one day last week.

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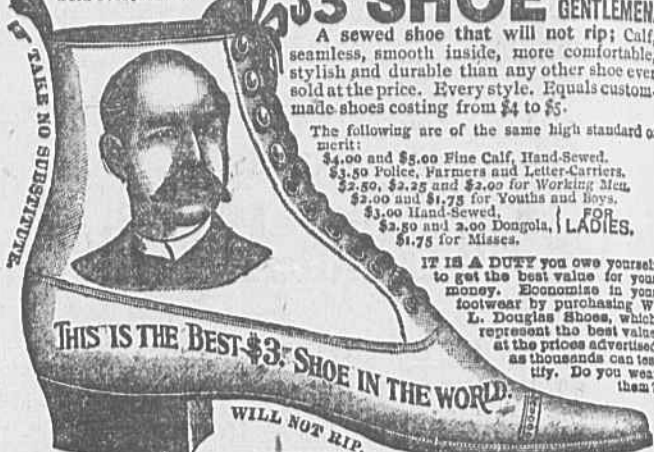
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